

Augusta Lacrimans.

A. ^{840.6.5.}
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Funeral POEM
TO THE
MEMORY
OF THE
HONOURABLE
Sir Daniel Wray, Kt.

*----- Virtus occidit Orbi,
In Caelis oritura -----*

By E. SETTLE. *K*

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Anglo-American

General Form

TO THE

MEMORANDUM

OF THE



HOUGHTON

STANDARD

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A
Funeral Poem, &c.

O 'Er some dead WORTHY's *Grave* the Sweets to strow,
The Flow'rs must all from his own Garden grow.

The Fragrant VIRTUES did his Life perfume
Best Furnish out the Garlands round his Tomb.
For the last Rites pay'd to this lowlay'd Head,
To paint him Living, best can mourn him Dead.

Sing then what pregnant Genius, spritely Fire,
Heav'ns warmest Spark did that fair Breast inspire!
Such his Great Soul's bright Furniture: And here
Let PRUDENCE, CONDUCT, INDUSTRY, appear;
With long PROSPERITY's heap'd Favours blest;
The smiling Founders of the *WRAY*'s Rich Feast.
Industrious MERIT to all Heights must rise:

Not one Kind Star but its best Smiles supplies.
Yes, Thou Great First-born *Virtue*, INDUSTRY,
In our Great PARENT's Bows of Bliss, to Thee

Th' Almighty did his First Command dispense,
Thou Eldest Fav'rite of Omnipotence :

To his bright Seat not call'd to *drone* nor *sleep* :
But dress his Garden, and his Eden keep :

That early Charge by Heav'n on Man confer'd,
Idleness ev'n from *Paradise* was barr'd.

Let lazier Greatness lull on Beds of Sloth,

Their Laurels only a *past Age's* Growth :

Bask in the *Sun* or wanton in the *Shade*,

The *Warmth* or *Umbrage* their Forefathers made.

His active Race those Drones of Life outshin'd !

His own Hand wove the Wreathes his Temples twin'd

Sing next what VIRTUES did his *Height* advance,
His Lot of Blessings no blind Throw of Chance ;

To Favrite Heads such ample Portions given ;

First they *Deserve* and then Receive from Heav'n.

Here let his JUSTICE lead. In that fair Mind

That *Card'nal* GRACE so beautifully shin'd.

JUSTICE so much did his whole Actions sway ;

Not his least Breath shou'd from her Standart stray :

His Heart and Tongue had that firm Union made,

As if each pondrous Syllable he VVeigh'd.

'Twas massy *Sterling* all, no Drofs too light.
To *say* was here the same as *Seal* and *plight*.
And to crown all no tir'd out Knee shou'd wait
A lond dependant Murm'rer at his Gate.
RIGHT and fair TRUTH how would their Cause prevail,
Did all Hands hold his equitable Scale.
Not half that Contest, half that Strife and Jar,
Would call those *long-Robe* Crowds t' a Bustling *Bar*.
Nay for yet Brighter Justice still; the more
His growing Wealth, and his Increasing Store,
The Grateful *WRAT*, with all that Affluence blest,
To thank th' Almighty Founder of the Feast,
No lower Knee, as his Rich Blessings flow'd,
More pious Payments made t' a *lending GOD*.
For, oh, no Hand e'er held the Scales more ev'n
Betwixt a Busy World and well read Heaven.

Chant next his Social Converse with Mankind;
Humanity to all that Height refin'd,
A Temper so serene, so sweet an Ayr,
All that cou'd e'er oblige or charm, smil'd there.
Both dear to Man and Heav'n, his Merits due,
At once the Court and City Fav'rite too.

Deckt with his Knighthood, and call'd up of Old
His Magistratick Dignity * to hold. * High Sheriff of Essex.

But from this Publick Trust, my *Muse*, prepare
To tune thy Song t' a yet sublimer Air :
If possible, let thy wing'd Raptures move
Up to his brightest *Orb of Glory, LOVE.*
Display him in that *sacred Station* plac'd,
The *best* of *HUSBANDS*: *Twice* that *Name* he grac'd.
In his first Choice like fleeting Shadows past
His shorter Race of Love, ran out more fast.
In her dear Successor, his *PENNER BRIDE*
Heav'n's kinder Hand that stronger Gordian tyed.
Far more then Thirty smiling Summers saw,
In th' Easiest Yoke seald Hearts cou'd ever draw,
This happiest *PAIR* melt those long Years away
A Life but one continued Nuptial Day.
Indulgence, Tendernefs,---not one harsh sound
Their Smiles e'er ruffled, or least Joys untun'd.
So fragrant did his *Hymen's* Incense burn,
His *Bridal Torch* ev'n lighted to his *Urn.*
Had th' undegenerate Race of *MAN*, been all
Copies, bright *W R A Y*, from thy *Original.*

Augusta Lacrimans.

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Had every PAIR had such a BRIDEGROOM Lord,
Each happy *Hymen* worn thy stainless Robe ;

The unavenging GOD had never pour'd
His *Deluge* down to wash the spotted Globe.

Thro' more then Seventy rouling Years thus led.
Up to a venerable *Silver HEAD* :

As his fair *LIFE* that *balcion Circle* found ;
At last he heard th' Eternal Summons found.

As *six Days* the Creation Work fulfill'd :
That Time th' *Almighty FOUNDER* took to build
His Universe, *WRAT*'s Dissolution wrought.
Up to his own long studyed Heav'n thus caught,
A Race so finisht, call'd to join the *Blest*,
He seal'd his *Sabbath* * of Eternal Rest.

Yes, ye, great GUARDIANS round th' Immortal Throne,
Receive him to your Arms, receive your Own :
Receive a MIND, so *Beautified*, a SOUL
Warm'd with *Devotion's* sweetest *Altar-Cole* ;
So wing'd for the high Joy's where he aspires ;
He comes no Stranger to th' *Angelick Choirs*.

* Died on the 7th. Day of his Sickness.

No, so well taught to Kneel, so taught t' adore
His pious Breast that Heav'nly Musick bore,
That *Halleluja's* were his Song before.

What tho' with now no larger *Genial Fruit*
Then *Two* surviving Stems from either Root ;
The sleeping *W R A Y* to his long *Requiem* led,
Still lives, in those wet Eyes that mourn him dead ;
Copies that shall th' *Original* renew,
And make the Stock Immortal whence they grew.

And now this dying *W O R T H Y* to convey
To his Enstallment on his Throne of Clay,
The last just Debt that *Pious LOVE* can pay :
O Thou *Great MOURNER*, for one Cordial Drop
A little thy too bleeding Tears to stop ;
Thy melting Lights to that sweet Object led,
The sole *Remains* of thy more Fruitful *B E D*,
At Literature's dear *Fount* so Richly fed :
Nurst by his *A L M A M A T E R* ; such bright Charms,
Such Growing Hopes, to bless a *M O T H E R*'s Arms ;
Let this last Thought thy whole lost Peace restore :
Look *Forward* all, and oh, turn back no more.